UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Mark Twain—1835-1935 - *Mortimer Smith*

The New Conscience and the Old Gratitudes - - - *John Malick*

Dictatorship in Miniature - *Salmon O. Levinson*

Pacifism and the Prospective European War - - *Robert Whitaker*

Current Tensions in Liberal Religion - - - *John Brogden*

Book Reviews - *George Maychin Stockdale, Ralph Cheyney, John Haynes Holmes*

VOLUME CXVI NUMBER 6

Chicago, November 18, 1935

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Semi-Monthly Until Further Notice — *Subscription $3.00 Single Copies 15 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter May 24, 1935, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* — CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Board of Directors

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

Editorial Contributors

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
PERCY M. DAWSON
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON
ROBERT C. SCHALLER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY
JAMES H. WEST

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 103
Jottings—J. H. H. 105

ARTICLES—

The Coming of War—MARK TWAIN 103
Mark Twain—1835-1935—MORTIMER SMITH 106
Laughing War Out of Existence—SYDNEY STRONG 108
The New Conscience and the Old Gratitudes—JOHN MALICK 109
Pacifism and the Prospective European War—ROBERT WHITAKER 110
The Covenant—ELLEN HÖRUP 112
Dictatorship in Miniature—SALMON O. LEVINSON 112
The Way to Utopia—DAVID GITTLEMAN 113
Current Tensions in Liberal Religion—JOHN BROGDEN 114
Italy's Case—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 115

POETRY—

The Hillquit Memorial at Camp Tamiment—DON CARLOS 111

THE STUDY TABLE—

Realistic Pacifism—GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE 116
Road to Peace—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 117
God's Dreams—RALPH CHEYNEY 118

THE FIELD—

Recommendations Adopted by the Conference 102
Kagawa Plans American Visit—*Cooperative League News Service* 120
Economic Security and Birth Control 120

The Field

Recommendations Adopted by the Conference*

I.

1. Seeing that the commercial policy of creditor nations is of supreme moment to the financial and economic stability of debtor countries in all parts of the world, this Conference recommends that the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, the world's greatest creditor nations, be requested to consult together and with such other Governments as it might be advisable to approach, for the purpose of agreeing upon measures to enable the debtor nations to meet their obligations in goods and services and thus of materially assisting in the work of creating stability and restoring confidence.

2. The Conference draws the attention of Governments to the desirability of forming low tariff or free trade unions on the model of the Ouchy Convention to which any nation which did not originally join might afterwards adhere on the same terms.

In this connection attention is also directed to the treaty drafted at the Montevideo Pan-American Conference, with special reference to the most-favored-nation clause.

II

Seeing that the instability of currencies and the chaotic condition of exchanges are among the chief causes of:

1. The difficulties which trade experiences every day in concluding international transactions;
2. Many of the barriers further restricting that trade, such as exchange restrictions, compensation and clearing treaties, quotas, and many of the increases of tariffs;
3. The accumulation of gold at a few centers and the hoarding of gold on an extensive scale;
4. The discouragement of long-term lending, the resumption of which would mean increased movement of goods and a reduction in the abnormal volume of floating balances;
5. A narrowing of the world's market and a decline of world prices,

We recommend that the leading Governments, especially in the first instance those of France, Great Britain and the United States, should consult one another without

*International Conference held at Chatham House, London, March 5-7, 1935.

(*Continued on Page* 119)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVI MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1935 No. 6

THE COMING OF WAR

"There has never been a just war, never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful, as usual, will shout for war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first. The great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it.' Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded, but it will not last long. Those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing—the speakers stoned from the platform and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers, as earlier, but do not dare say so. And now the whole nation, pulpit and all, will take up the war cry, and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth, and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame on the nation that is being attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them, and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

—Mark Twain: "The Mysterious Stranger."

The New York *World-Telegram* calls it "the lull before the storm"—this release of tension and anxiety that has followed upon what seemed to be the European crisis growing out of the Ethiopian war. The one peril now is that the world will sit back with a sigh of relief and, in the conviction that the worst has been avoided, leave the European statesmen free to rush their preparations for "the next war" which these very preparations make inevitable. There is no excuse for misjudging the signs of the times in the light of what is going on openly as well as secretly—as witness Premier Baldwin's action in precipitating an election on the issue of rearmament! Nothing could be shrewder than this, and nothing more sinister. Before these words can be read, the English election will be over, and the Tory Party triumphantly returned to office, with the Liberal Party destroyed, and the Labor Party smashed for a generation. As our readers peruse this editorial, they can look across the seas and behold Baldwin with his mandate for rearmament, and legislation already being prepared for the building of the greatest fleet ever dreamed of in human history. And all this, God save the mark, "to help the League battle for peace and for mankind"! We think we could stand this if Britain were only honest about the business, and told us frankly she was striving to serve the empire and to wipe out anybody and everybody who got in her way. But this fine pretension about peace and "mankind" gives us a feeling of sickness in the region of the stomach. Is it possible that anybody can be fooled by it—this repetition in 1935 of what was done in 1912-14? Apparently so, for it has been announced that a new naval conference is being called for early December, to meet in London. Perhaps it is just as well, for without this garbing of our agony in robes of moral splendor, however obviously tinsel, we could not live at all.

In the present English situation, it may be well to remember that the British Labor Party, some years ago, pledged itself, without reservation of any kind, to opposition to war. If war came, *any* war, the Party would not support it. This pledge brought courage to pacifists everywhere. It looked as though the peace movement were getting somewhere! But now, in the Italian crisis, the Labor Party has backed water. In supporting sanctions, military as well as economic, George Lansbury has declared it is supporting war, and on this issue has resigned. There is little doubt, so all observers agree, that if the Empire were forced into, or itself forced, a war against Italy, the British Labor Party would support the government. The trouble is, of course, that the Party has been caught between its pledge to peace and its devotion to the League of Nations. It has believed that its support of the League was a part of its work for peace, or at least consistent therewith. But now, lo and behold, it discovers that to support the League of Nations in this present crisis is to face the contingency of war, and evidently the Party has made up its mind that, in such contingency, war must not be refused. The Labor Party, in other words, is going to have peace (through the League!), even though it has to fight for it. Which

means that British Labor did not really mean its pledge, or at least did not think it through! For a League war, say what you will, is a war just as much as any other war. It would be fought not by the League at all, but by Great Britain's fleet and air force. And it would be ended by a British or an Italian victory of arms, to the advantage and glory of the one empire or the other. To the flyers shot down in flaming planes, to the sailors drowned on sinking ships, to a world beset by conflict and doomed to a new post-war period of disaster, we imagine it would matter little that this fight was for the League and peace. As a matter of fact, the last war was for peace, wasn't it—a war to end war? No, the British Labor Party is serving no good cause in imitating the national example of repudiating debts. On the contrary, it has sold us out. Perhaps it's just as well that Arthur Henderson did not live to see this day.

Deeper and deeper into the consciousness of America sinks opposition to Mr. Roosevelt—to the administration, however, rather than to the man. Much of this springs, we have no doubt, from knowledge of the muddle into which everything has tumbled in Washington. A friend reports to us that chaos is a weak word to describe the scene. Along with this goes the suspicion that it is disreputable "politics" which lies at the heart of this pandemonium, and which has at once its embodiment and its source in the unspeakable "Jim" Farley, destined to go down in history as the wrecker of the Roosevelt administration. But there is a more fundamental reason yet for this opposition of which we speak—a reason expounded by the distinguished correspondent, Mr. Frank R. Kent, in a recent issue of the *American Mercury*. America, writes Mr. Kent, is essentially conservative, by which he means that the average citizen has "a stake in the community—is a little ahead of the game." Now a country thus minded does not naturally hanker after experiments, or adventures, or changes of any kind in government, "except when scared." In 1933, with the bank panic, the nation got terribly scared and threw itself into the arms of the new President like a drowning man into the arms of a life-guard. Mr. Roosevelt thus had a larger measure of support than any president has ever enjoyed in our history. But now, says Mr. Kent, the national fight is over. The people are feeling better, and are suddenly getting averse to change. They study the debased currency, watch the mounting debt and increased prices, behold the Supreme Court denouncing the New Deal, and pray for "safety, sanity, and soundness." The people, in other words, are starting to "backtrack on the hero"; they are "reverting to type." Which means that Mr. Roosevelt is the unhappy victim of a repudiation as unreasoning as the acceptance of which he was formerly the happy recipient! Whether the President can recover the support which he has lost, and is still losing, is the most interesting question now before the country. Our own opinion is that, to accomplish this in time for victory next year, he must do something more substantial than smile benignly over the radio.

To the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and to the Mooney-Billings case, and to the Scottsboro case, add now the Angelo Herndon case! UNITY has said little about this latest case not because it was not interested, but rather because it could not believe that its gross and hideous injustice would ever be carried through. But now young Herndon, a Georgia Negro, has gone to the chain-gang for from eighteen to twenty years, and no appeal is left except to Governor Talmadge for a pardon. What Herndon did is well known—he simply agitated for the just treatment of workers on relief, and precipitated nothing more serious than a protest scene at a relief station. But a jittery community, with a Negro phobia crossed with a Bolshevik mania, dug up an old Civil War sedition statute, and under this charge Angelo Herndon was convicted and sentenced to one of the most horrible institutions in this country—the Georgia chain-gang, for twenty years! All court procedure has failed—that before the Supreme Court of the United States on a mere technicality! And now the hand of the law has fallen. The *Christian Century* makes out a good case in contending that this event is worse than anything that took place with either Tom Mooney or Sacco and Vanzetti.

> "After all, it is possible for the conservative to argue that the conviction of Mooney or of Sacco and Vanzetti at the most represented only a mistake in the identification of culprits—a matter not necessarily connected with the class struggle. Scores of persons were killed in the San Francisco parade explosion, and the Massachusetts paymaster was undeniably murdered. In other words, Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti were at least allegedly punished for actual crimes. But nothing happened to bring this savage punishment down on Herndon."

It is a sheer case, in other words, of vengeance. It makes one marvel at what seems to be the utter brutality of so-called justice in America. Also, it prompts to heart-searching on the question as to how highly qualified we Americans are to protest against anything that is happening in Germany. UNITY feels that it has a right to speak because it denounced these domestic enormities long before the Nazi regime began. But by what right, in the light of this Herndon case and others, does America as a whole complain against the Reich? We seem to recall something we have heard about a "mote" and a "beam"!

A month or so ago, two racketeers in Brooklyn, N. Y., were stood up against a wall in a garage and shot to death by gangsters. A fortnight ago in New York and Newark there broke out a gang war which resulted in the death of the notorious "Dutch" Schultz and six other gutter-rats. This war is still raging as this editorial is written, with other murders expected

hourly. It would not be worth the space it takes to print these words to record the passing of these wretches were it not for the fact that this gangster business constitutes a serious part of the great American crime problem, and just the part which we were told unceasingly a few years ago was created by Prohibition and would disappear with the disappearance of Prohibition. There were "wets" who gave the impression of believing that *all* crime was due to Prohibition —we never had any crime at all in this country until the saloons were closed! The more sensible "wets" were really concerned over the gangsters—all duly supported by these same "wets," it should be remembered, in their bootlegging operations!—and actually argued themselves into believing that the way to get rid of the pests was to abolish the 18th Amendment under which they were alleged to flourish. But here is the 18th Amendment two years dead, and the gangsters are still shooting off the same revolvers, still standing up the same victims against the same wall, still conducting the same old bootlegging and other rackets! What we now see, in this as in other matters, is that Repeal has left us just where we were, with the added and grievous addition to our burdens of the great flood of legal liquor. By just the measure of that legal flood, we are worse off than ever before. Repeal, in other words, has fulfilled none of its promises. It has not ended crime, it has not ended bootlegging, it has not ended political corruption, and it has vastly increased drinking and all its attendant dangers. There are those who like it—the "old soaks"—but soberer and saner members of the community may well feel alarm.

Why is it that superstition is always associated in men's minds with religion? We regard this as grossly unfair, since superstition is a human not a religious characteristic. We know of no field of human thought and life in which superstition has not flourished, and we seem to know one or two fields, at least, in which the growth has been even more rank than in the religious field. Take medicine, for example, which is science, not religion! If the doctors through the ages haven't indulged in more superstitions than the theologians, then we are no judge of comparative values. The theories of disease and of their cures present an array of myth and magic before which the fanciful details of sin and salvation pale into insignificance. We search the realm of religion in vain to find anything to match the superstition of "spontaneous generation" which flourished almost unchallenged until the supreme genius of Pasteur, in the face of the fiercest kind of opposition from the physicians, proved it to be false. But if we are looking for instances of scientific superstition, why bother with yesterday? Why not behold what is all about us today—in the realm of economics, for example? Our economists are supposed to be rigorous scientists, trained to exact observation and clear reasoning. But read their books and speeches, especially in the light of the current depression, and ask yourself if theologians ever disputed among themselves more furiously than these economists, or ever indulged in mythologies more fantastic! Superstition has nothing peculiarly or especially to do with religion. It is a reaction of the human mind, under the impact of ignorance and arrogance—twin sisters of deception—which prevails in every field of human endeavor. In the face of the superstitions in which all men have indulged in the past, and of the superstitions in which we are so hopelessly lost today, it behooves us all to be charitable, and thus recognize that we are all, scientists and theologians alike, beset by a common failing of human nature.

Jottings

Italy and England have agreed not to go to war —and to make Ethiopia pay the price of peace.

"Jimmie" Walker says that he "is still a Democrat." What has the Democratic Party done to him, that he should visit this injury upon it?"

Herr Kerrl, the new head of the German churches, declares that National Socialism is Christian, and that Christianity means love of one's neighbor. A Jew, for example! Or perhaps Jews are not allowed to live in the same neighborhood with Nazis.

Respectfully referred to the class in logic:

"General Johnson attacked the WPA-PWA program, saying it was 'accomplishing next to nothing, satisfied nobody, and, at a cost of billions of dollars, making no improvement in . . . unemployment.' . . . General Johnson called for the re-election of President Roosevelt."

"Liquor Control Given to Hoyt."—*N. Y. Times* headline.

The inextinguishable optimism of our "wet" friends! "Liquor *control*"!! Liquor never was and never will be controlled. As well talk about a drinking driver controlling an automobile as government controlling the liquor traffic.

What does Mussolini mean by his assertion that he wiped out Italian dishonor by capturing Adowa where an Italian army was defeated and destroyed years ago by Abyssinian troops? That Italian army was still defeated, wasn't it? The record still stands in history, doesn't it? Why not say that Mussolini is wreaking revenge, and thereby proving himself the savage that he is?

J. H. H.

Mark Twain—1835-1935

A Reappraisal

In the twenty-five years since the death of Samuel Langhorne Clemens a remarkable change has taken place in the critical attitude toward the work and person of this man who is better known throughout the world than any other representative of American literature. With the publication of Van Wyck Brooks' *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* in 1920, the pendulum of criticism swung from an unqualified and somewhat *naive* laudation to a painstaking effort in re-examination in support of the theory that Clemens, if an artist at all, was a defective and vastly inflated one. Long before his death Mark Twain was accepted popularly as a sort of grand old man of American life, and by the students of our native literature as our greatest creative genius. The general critical opinion was summed up by Howells who stated that Mark Twain was "the Lincoln of our literature." This critical exaltation continued for many years after his death with barely a dissenting voice. All schools of thought united in singing his praises; the robust Mr. Mencken asserting that he was in the tradition of the great artists of the Renaissance, and the genteel Professor Phelps declaring him one of the world's greatest novelists.

Mr. Brooks' book marked the first rift in the lute. *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* was an expression—a graceful and persuasive expression—of the literary revolt against Puritanism, frontier culture, and American standards of life, which began immediately after the war as a slight stirring and developed during the 1920's into a storm of vast proportions. After Mr. Brooks came other critics sharing his dislikes and basing their criticisms of Mark Twain on his. Saddened by the blighting and thwarting influences of Puritanism in America, Mr. Brooks and his fellow critics fell into the error of thinking that all American traditions of whatever time and place were damaging to the artistic integrity of any writer who was not in constant revolt against them. Because they felt that Mark Twain wanted to revolt but did not have the moral courage to do so, they established the dictum that his books fall short of greatness, that they only suggest what might have been had their author been a free soul.

I believe that there is a great deal of error, not to say nonsense, in this theory of Mark Twain versus Puritanism. As it forms the basis of a very considerable school of critical thought regarding Mark Twain, it seems to me that no greater service could be done Mark Twain's memory at this time when America and the world are celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his birth than to re-define his position in American life and letters and attempt to discover which is the final truth about him—the estimates of his contemporaries and those who wrote in the ten years following his death, or the judgment of his latter critics.*

One of the complaints of these latter-day critics is that Mark Twain as a literary man was essentially American; that is, he was indifferent to or contemptuous of the ageless culture and artistic history of Europe; in short, that he wrote for the most part of typically American scenes and people and always from a strongly American point of view.

Such a critical attitude is about as sensible as it would be to deplore the fact that you cannot enjoy the warm sunshine of southern Italy in Labrador. It is based on the common error of critics to judge a writer not by what he frankly is but by what the critic would wish him to be. Of course Mark Twain was unabasedly American as a writer—what else could he have been? Sam Clemens never went to school after he was twelve years old and hence was never exposed to even such meagre book knowledge of European civilization as a Missouri country school of the middle nineteenth century could offer. When he was a young man in the formative years, he sat not at the feet of some European literary celebrity bringing the aroma of old world culture to a Cambridge or Boston drawing room, but was learning about life and the vagaries of human nature from the rough and primitive civilization of far western frontier towns.

Mark Twain's boyhood had for its background a typical middle western town, his early manhood was bound up with the colorful and pulsating life of the Mississippi steamboats, and in his late twenties he was a part of the uncouth primitive life of a frontier town sprung up in the mad rush for silver. The reading of a small boy in Hannibal, Missouri, was not as carefully guided as that of a boy growing up on Beacon Hill nor was a young pilot on the Mississippi or a prospector in Virginia City apt to come in contact with people who wanted to discuss English poetry or the French novel. Naturally Mark Twain began his writing career with a limited knowledge of the polite culture of a world far removed from frontier America. But possessed of the desire and compulsion to write, he could only draw on what he had seen and experienced, upon the life of which he had been a part.

He began as a humorist because the "funny man" was easily tolerated by frontier society. When his reputation extended to the East and won him a wider audience, he became something more, but to the end of his days he remained a humorist. Dour, serious-minded critics like Van Wyck Brooks and Waldo Frank, who look upon humor as something essentially vulgar, make this question of humor a major part of their indictment of Mark Twain as a literary artist, but, being convinced that despite this he had the spark of genius, they try to build up a theory that his humor was only a mask to hide a bleeding heart, that underneath the comic pose there was a flaming spirit of reform and revolt.

This business of humor seems to me to be important enough to correct understanding of Mark Twain to reiterate that he was a natural humorist, that he *wanted* to be funny and never got over wanting to be funny. At the famous dinner in Boston celebrating Whittier's seventieth and the *Atlantic's* twentieth birthdays, when Mark Twain laid aside his corncob pipe and launched into a burlesque that imagined Mr. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes and Mr. Emerson as a trio of drunken western frontiersmen cheating at euchre, he was not, as some critics would have us believe, subtly

*An effective reply to the critics of Mark Twain and particularly to Van Wyck Brooks is to be found in Bernard DeVoto's *Mark Twain's America* published a few years ago and recently re-issued to mark the centenary. This is not only a stout defense of Mark Twain as man and artist, but is a fascinating study of the frontier culture from which he sprang. I regret to say that Mr. DeVoto's book is sometimes marred by an over-bearing tone of superiority and an irrepressible desire to be brightly clever.

indicting a stuffy genteel tradition; he was simply trying to be entertaining, to produce a laugh. He was always trying to get a laugh—in his writings, in his speeches, particularly in his private conversation. At his best, Mark Twain ranks with the world's great comic spirits. Is it necessary to add that all his humor is not on the same high plane, that some of it is pretty labored and sometimes offensive? Unfortunately his publishers, in their zeal to print everything he ever wrote, preserve for posterity much which is unworthy of Mark Twain. (The much ballyhooed *Notebooks,* not yet published when these lines are written, are, from the excerpts I have read in magazine form, trivial and without value.)

These two points, then, need to be emphasized in any interpretation of Mark Twain as a writer: his essentially American and frontier background and his frank, unashamed desire to be a humorist. He reveals himself in his books as a genuine product of the crude America west of the Hudson River as much as Arnold Bennett reveals himself as part of lower middle class England in *his* books. You may not like life as lived west of the Hudson or have sufficient imagination to live it vicariously in Mark Twain's books. If such is the case you will prefer Henry James as a literary artist but be not so foolish as to deplore the fact that Mark Twain was not Henry James. Mark Twain was robust, raucous, prodigious, unbridled; because James' qualities were the antithesis of these, it does not mean that only he was the artist.

If you have never read the books of Mark Twain or never taken the trouble to learn the particulars of his private life you will find Mr. Brooks' *Ordeal* a very persuasive portrait of a man who wanted to be an artist but had the cards stacked too heavily against him. With the overworked psychological dictums of Freud as his guide, Mr. Brooks builds up with fascinating elaborateness of detail the theory that Mark Twain was not only a "predestined" creative spirit thwarted by his environment but that as a man he was in smoldering revolt against social customs and taboos, capitalism, the church, the government, and that he was only prevented from flaring up by a series of lifelong checks imposed upon him by a conventional world which included first a mother and then a wife whom he was desperately anxious not to offend. The result of all this repression of natural instincts, according to Mr. Brooks, was that Mark Twain became a profound pessimist, looking with a fine disdain upon "the damned human race."

Well, Mr. Brooks, as I say, has reared a fascinating edifice of criticism and one which seems sound enough. Upon examination, however, it turns out that he has built his foundation in sand. Take, for instance, the theory that Mark Twain was a natural creative spirit prevented from ever reaching full flower by the unwelcome impositions of the outside world. It is true that he often submitted to pressure and changed his manuscripts, but it is important to remember that he courted criticism, that he gladly permitted his wife to make deletions, and such was his faith in the literary taste of Howells that he was ready to capitulate in almost every argument with the *Atlantic's* editor regarding his work. I do not think it has been shown that Mark Twain ever submitted in a controversy touching on the fundamental *ideas* of his books; where he backed down was in permitting the elimination of profanity, the substitution of polite words for full-blooded ones, but this was a necessary, if regrettable, operation, inevitable in view of the proprieties of the day. The vital point to be stressed is that Mark Twain gladly submitted to criticism, that he had complete faith in the wisdom of his censors. Once this fact is established, the charge that he was "thwarted" in his artistic life by imposed regulation becomes palpably absurd.

But need we argue the point at all? Why bother to enter into discussion as to whether or not he was thwarted and repressed? Do not Mark Twain's books themselves stand as indisputable evidence that here was a free creative spirit, perhaps the finest imagination and literary genius produced by the American scene? That his work was of uneven quality goes without saying; he could on occasion descend to the veriest drivel in his writing. But at his best he produced *Huckleberry Finn,* and American literature before or since has never been able to equal it. Mark Twain brought Huck to life, he moves and breathes, he has become to millions an actual character, a part of American life. Huck is a product of literary imagination and creative ability at its highest. Mr. Brooks thinks Mark Twain was a potential genius who missed fire and wrote books which appeal to "rudimentary minds," but to unbiased critics who are not pursuing a theory the man who created Huck and Tom Sawyer and wrote with such splendor and fire and sweeping imagination in *Roughing It, Life on the Mississippi* and *Pudd'nhead Wilson* was a great artist authentically voicing the real America with incomparable skill. The verdict of Bernard Shaw seems to me more nearly to approximate truth than Mr. Brooks' hesitant and qualifying admiration. Shaw once said to Mark Twain: "I am persuaded that the future historian of America will find your works as indispensable to him as a French historian finds the political tracts of Voltaire."

What about the theory that Mark Twain was a great rebel at heart who lacked the courage for open rebellion? Here again, I think, Mr. Brooks and other critics display an amazing ignorance of the real Mark Twain. He was, of course, opposed to many of the conditions and institutions of his time and he was not afraid to speak out bluntly against them, as witness his constantly recurring denunciations of the Czar and monarchy in general, the Roman Catholic Church and the excesses of evangelical Protestantism. But Mark Twain was not fundamentally a social rebel or reformer at all, secretly or openly, and for the simple reason that on the whole he accepted the conventions, the political ideas and ideals, and the social customs of the America in which he lived. Despite his reputation as sort of a national Peck's Bad Boy, Mark Twain was one of the most typical Americans who ever lived. He was a family man and believed wholeheartedly in the institution of marriage and was shocked by the thought of infidelity. Though scoffing at the romanticists in literature, he was himself an arch romanticist as a book like *Joan of Arc* well demonstrates. He believed in private property. He was impressed by wealth and awed by the spectacle of rich men; his eulogies of H. H. Rogers, a typical Babbitt of the period, sound like the outpourings of a paid press agent. A shameless Philistine, he scoffed at the art masterpieces of Europe, thought French literature unworthy of notice because of its "immorality," and felt America was at a higher level of civilization than the Old World because it had more efficient plumbing.

And he believed wholeheartedly, completely in the efficacy of Democracy.

No, I am afraid Mark Twain was not much of a rebel against "things as they are." He had the courage to strike out against the things of which he disapproved, no doubt of that, but the sober fact is that he found America and the way of life in America generally satisfying and had no desire for sweeping change.

And, finally, what can be said of Mark Twain's much stressed pessimism? Was he the misanthrope his critics, and his admirers, too, for that matter, claim him to be and which he often proclaimed himself; was he a restless, unhappy soul in a world he despised? It is my opinion that Mark Twain's pessimism is the most misunderstood thing in American literature. It is true that he was often infuriated by what seemed to him the meaninglessness of the universe and human life, and wrote *What Is Man?* to prove that man is nothing but a mechanism. It is equally true that all his books are in one way or another indictments of mankind as the books of all sensitive artists have always been. But the fact that he sounded the note of pessimism in his books does not mean a thing. The test of whether or not he was a pessimist is to be found in his private life, not in his public declarations. I do not suppose there is another figure in American literature who was happier in his wife, his children, his friends, or who received—and enjoyed—greater adulation during his lifetime than did Mark Twain. I do not see how one can escape the conclusion, after reading Mr. Paine's exhaustive biography or the *Autobiography,* that Mark Twain during a long lifetime which knew joy and sorrow, success and failure, denunciation and unbounded praise, was a man who found life on the whole eminently satisfactory and enjoyable. He was by nature a hearty soul, full of a vast gusto and capacity for life. It seems to me that Howells and Twichell and others who were closest to him were correct in maintaining that his "pessimism" was on the whole one more pose in the life of a man who adored to pose. I have no desire to prove Mark Twain a rosy optimist, for optimism can be a fault as well as a virtue but it does seem important to contradict the prevalent notion that he was soured on life because the demands of convention had denied him artistic freedom.

I think, then, that we can safely discount almost the whole of the newer criticism of Mark Twain as being an exaggerated phase of the anti-Puritan, anti-tradition mania of the nineteen-twenties. A large part of it can also be discarded on the ground that it is based on Fruedian hypotheses that are increasingly being shown to lack scientific authority. It is a hazardous job to attempt to explain a natural creative phenomenon; the one who does the explaining can very easily fall into foolishness as is attested by the various "interpreters" of the late D. H. Lawrence. After all, we have the books of Mark Twain; if we will but read them, we need not waste time and effort in debating whether or not he was a great creative artist.

That there was a flaw in his genius, no one will deny. He lacked many things which would have ripened the creative spirit and brought it to greater fruition. He had no sense of a conscious tradition such as a writer like James had; he had no formal education which would have saved him from many crudities; he was undisciplined and hence apt to descend from profundity to superficiality, from the truly artistic to the merely cheap. But he had the spark of an undeniable genius, greater than that of any practitioner of letters in these United States. He created an imperishable gallery of characters who will stand forever as living refutations of the theories of his detractors.

MORTIMER SMITH.

Laughing War Out of Existence

My own personal program about war is plain. It is *complete total disarmament.* Our family for a hundred years has never had a gun in the house. It has been a common-sense policy. I would apply the same policy to cities, states and nations. The world thus would be a safer place to live in. Such a policy would be a major step towards the highest social order. Those who are pursuing such a high social order—as was Litvinoff at Geneva—invariably name total disarmament as their goal. Greedy men and nations want guns.

But in our chaotic world, war still has the stage. What shall we do? Every one says war is the height of folly. Yet, when the bugle blows, the crowd joins in the march of fools—singing for the slaughter. Every one says war is a crime. Yet judges and law-makers fan the flames. Every pious man says war is a sin. Yet priests and preachers bless war in the name of God. Every one says war destroys all decent social order, like cooperation and socialism. Every one says war is a creator and promoter of chaos. Mankind cannot be satisfied until the causes of war are eliminated and there is established a social order based on justice.

What are we to do then? My reply is the personal program mentioned at the start—persistently working for a social order that demands, for its highest functioning, total disarmament.

In addition, I mention a new method worth trying. It is laughing war out of existence. I urge the youth of today to try it out. PUT WAR IN THE COMICS. Show the warrior up as a fool and insane. Laugh him out of court. Make fun of him, day and night, everywhere. Make fun of Mr. Brass Buttons. Let the girls make sport of uniforms.

I recently read a long article on how Spain laughed the bull-fight out of existence. They made the ancient sport look ridiculous. They had burlesques in the ring, with toreadors dressed up like women, automobiles instead of pitiful old horses. This treatment promises to abolish the cruel sport, after all reasonable efforts failed. Spain is making the posing hero of the ring a laughing stock. A pair of clowns tantalize the bull amid the laughter of the spectators.

A comic strip and a few Charlie Chaplins and Will Rogers' would go a long way toward getting the American people to laugh war out of existence. At least they would help a lot. There is nothing more ridiculous in the world than Mr. Brass Buttons, Miss Drill and Professor Keeping Step.

Let there be a crusade to make war and warriors ridiculous! Whenever Mars is driven from the stage of humanity—as surely he will be—he will go out with a storm of ridicule and a peal of laughter. Laughter will have a mighty part in hastening his exit.

SYDNEY STRONG

The New Conscience and the Old Gratitudes

The outward, visible forms of gratitude seem to be less. The union Thanksgiving Services could not house them if all nominally joined should decide to come out some Thanksgiving Day morning. Just how many have this grateful feeling deep down inside them on the last Thursday of November, and just how this compares with the number who had it in 1630, 1730 or 1830, we do not presume to judge. It might be that gratitude is now going to closets rather than to temples.

We are not unmindful of the modern difficulties. Not all, likely, are aware of what has happened between their great-grandfathers, who gave thanks without hesitation, and their own children who do not speak the language. If it would seem strange to put grandfather's hats on their heads, it would seem much stranger to put his prayers into their mouths. Grandfather had a pattern, both for the universe and human society, for which he honestly gave praise without a note of conscious dissent.

Gratitude is exchange between persons: "Thank you," and, "I am glad you like it." Grandfather's universe was one to which he spoke as to a neighbor. Whatever the world proves to be, we have been through a time when many understood it was not to be spoken to as to a person. Those who talk to things as to people are thought a little odd. The universe came to seem more like the old idols of wood that did not hear anything or talk back. Speaking gratitude out into space came to be embarrassingly self-conscious, like tipping one's hat to the paste-board girl in the grocery store. One catches himself with hat lifted, discovers his mistake and looks about confused to see if any one is looking. One does not lift his hat to paste-board girls as to a person. Gratitude to the universe came to seem like that and as inappropriate; gave a rather foolish feeling. This is the difficulty at the root of the trouble for those whose minds have to go along comfortably in their devotions. It turns out that we were a little over-cautious. The universe seems to be quite as much alive as we are, and more so, or we should not be here telling about it. If we knew just what personality is, the new universe might be likened to that.

Another condition made gratitude more unlikely. The human spirit is so paradoxical that it never does just what you think it would. It thanks the Dispenser of all events in the shadow of great tragedy, of impending disaster, of hair-breadth escapes. The race, for the most part, the most of the time, has lived in the presence of such impending disasters that made every day seem just one more lucky day. In the spirit, "It might come any day, but, hurrah, it did not come today," our kind always have poured out their praise for the favor of getting through a year of such lucky days. It was famine. A comfortably full stomach was something to be mentioned to whatever power gave such a boon. Or it was timely rain, or the annual flood, which called for a word to whatever managed such things. Or it was perils of travel by land that made every journey's end seem a miracle of providential escape, and every sea-crossing tempting fate. Or it was Indians, or grasshoppers, always something that kept vividly to the front all the hazards that made a year passed through seem like a special dispensation. God might easily have let you perish as many did, but for some reason you got through, God only knows. This is the kind of human situation out of which this speech of thanks came and for which it first was used.

Then came this pleasant land of bounty manifold, where a hungry person was a sight to be seen before it could be believed, something to be argued about, likely only faking, hunger being one of those things that do not happen, one with the things banished, their keen edge blunted. Urban dwellers forgot, they had no occasion to remember, these famine, flood, Indian epochs. Generations grew up that quite naturally forgot to thank anybody for what were never conscious dangers to them.

The changes would be made evident if some one would compile a book of "Creeds Nobody Believes"; and a book of "Scriptures Nobody Reads"; and "Hymns Nobody Sings"; and "Prayers Nobody Says"; and "Gratitude for Which Nobody Is Grateful." They all would be large books. Some of these gratitudes are quite obvious, it was so long ago they went out. Whole sections of the world's prayers were simply deleted, became obsolete, all those mean little prayers that said, "We thank thee that thou hast sent sunshine on our fields, and rain. Our cattle have calved; our herds increased. We thank thee that gross darkness has fallen upon the fields of those against us and against thee; murrain upon their cattle; their lambs perished with the cold and their cattle upon the hills; praise be thy name!"

With all the foolish prayers still said, few now are so foolish as to thank God for giving Tokyo a good shaking down, they were so stiff-necked about our missionaries. No one looks over the weather chart now and gratefully observes that the Lord freezes Catholic Boston and makes it warm in Protestant Los Angeles. Other sound and sufficient reasons were found for the differences in weather in these two places besides their having different religions, a condition that undoubtedly would be the same if their populations should change places. The great heresy dawned that rain falls alike on just and unjust, not gently on good people, and hail only on bad people. This sent to the discard whole sections of the prayers of gratitude of mankind.

We should think that few would feel comfortable today giving thanks for what has happened to the neighbor disliked the most. One might observe privately in his own family how strange it seems that this neighbor lost his business, had appendicitis, and think bad luck had chosen fairly where to light, but he would not now ask his minister to include this misfortune to his neighbor in the Thanksgiving prayer among the special benefits of the year. His minister would not do it. No religion could be found among us that would do it.

We have evidence enough that those before us had no such hesitancy mentioning what had happened to their enemies as among their own special blessings to be named right out loud in church. We happen to have their old prayer book for posterity to see and to ponder. Even the Twenty-third Psalm has its discordant note about a table prepared in the presence of enemies, which has to be omitted at the sensitive times when it is most used.

These are the Classics of malediction and imprecation. Here they are, side by side, with language that still speaks the mind of half the planet in worship, these

old, fierce gratitudes for what had befallen their enemies and magnificent cries for more, hotter and longer desolation for them. No other enemies of the world ever were immortalized in such grand speech that is still thrilling to say. Most of it is not much read now. We have to be worked up to war pitch to use it in public. It seems so appropriate then.

Later, they understood this same God to say that they were not to have enemies any more and this rather canceled all they had said before when they had them and thought God especially interested in them. Enemies passed from the accepted to the first of branded sins. Enmity did not die, there is still a lot of it, but it sank down into the recesses of private shame and was no longer shouted proudly in public temples.

Still another section of spoken gratitude seems to us on its way out. We do not hear so much of it now, such gratitude as this: "Thou didst lead our fathers to this place where the knowledge of thy salvation is published. We remember before thee those in far places where this light has not come, those who sit in heathen darkness unredeemed. In the midst of the way wide to destruction, we give thee praise for the narrow way out of eternal death vouchsafed to those to whom this great salvation has come." There were thousands of such prayers for their little oases of single lives and sects saved out of the great desert of general loss.

Another kind of gratitude is getting to the self-conscious stage where we wonder whether it is quite fit. One may have some self-gratification with, and even pride in, the way things have gone with him; feel a little set up that he is not as the defeated are, the partial and complete failures of the varied sorts. It is human and quite natural to feel a little glad that, with all outside and in, one has come through as well as he has. There are all those defects, crooks, crotchets, turns of temper, peculiarities of disposition, all those tendencies that a million ancestors put one up to, to his hurt or profit; all that can happen from things and people. Wherever the responsibility is, it is natural to feel that one's own good judgment, thrift, soberness and morality had much to do with it. "There, but for the grace of these good qualities of mine, go I as much of a wreck as that." One always is thankful for not being any kind of wreck, financial, moral or automobile. With all the pride in making oneself that is justifiable, and true enough, we do not hear people talking of it so much now, giving gratitude for it, wherever the credit goes.

We should rather doubt if there will be much more thanks given for success in war, as it goes along, or for victory at the end. If we should go over the prayers in war time five hundred years ago and today the change would be evident. The prayers made in the last war are rather between the old courage to make them unashamed, and the new hesitancy as to whether they are quite proper; half way between making it clear to God which side he should be on and escaping the penalties of disloyalty. It was not easy to thank God for victory and it would have been harder still if we had known then what we know now. It takes a very, very good war, better than wars are likely to be, to thank any one for it, as wise and well informed about human affairs as a God worth praying to must be.

The rapidly growing sense of how we crowd one another in passing; of how likely it is that we go up real human stairs of flesh and blood to our ends, gives pause now in thanking God for any condition much better than any one else is in. We know an uncomfortable amount now about how people get the way they are. The responsibility is not always direct, fine, invisible threads running from all to each, but it has taken all the pleasure out of thanking God we are not as they are, however they are, or we are. Guilt is so widespread that we are not sure we should not be called on all the cases.

It was much simpler when we did not know so much, when only two kinds of things happened, what God did to you in his inscrutable will, and what you did to yourself as the master of your fate. A volcano was the kind of thing God did to you and getting in jail the kind of thing you did to yourself. One now might give thanks that he is not in jail, but it is a chastened kind of gratitude. Now that almost everybody is being called on every case, call the ancestors; call the home; call the neighborhood; call the landlord; call the court, the judge and the policeman, then call the prisoner. It rather tempers one's thanks for not being in jail oneself. There is a feeling that one perhaps ought to draw a short term. This growing sense of the complexity of human relations has caused a feeling of disturbed responsibility to edge in where those before us, without a scruple of guilty negligence, thanked God that they were as they were.

JOHN MALICK.

Pacifism and the Prospective European War

Every war presents a fresh problem to those who are opposed to war. Always the war that is, or is about to be, is made to seem more plausible than was the war that lately went before. This is true at the present hour. The fact that the League of Nations is seeking, even to the implicit threat of using military force to effect its program, a stoppage of what is so obviously a piratical raid upon Ethiopia, inclines many who would have nothing to do with international war, as between two or more warring countries in usual military alliance, to make an exception of this situation, and justify cooperation with a militarism so specifically dedicated to maintaining world order against war.

The plausibility of such acquiescence and cooperation with the League is made more appealing by two other considerations; first, that lacking effective action upon the part of the League in this instance its very existence is imperilled; second, that the economic interest of England in League leadership seems to be subordinated, so far as the sincerity of Englishmen in general is concerned, to her naval primacy in stopping the Italian raid upon Ethiopia, if this raid is to be brought to an end short of such a success for Fascism as would prove the inevitable precursor of world war on a worse scale.

I certainly have no prejudice on the side of the maintenance of the British Empire, and particularly at the point where that Empire is most arbitrary and morally indefensible, that is, the domination of India. I was barred from entering any British Dominion, in 1921, when I was under engagement to serve for six months as Associate Pastor of the American Church in

Melbourne, Australia. My American passports were refused a British visé, nor would the refusal be reconsidered when appeal was made in Australia on my behalf. And this, because I had openly challenged the English misrule of Ireland, and the inimical position in which British Imperialism stands toward world peace. I am not less of the same convictions which I expressed when discussing these issues years ago, although the Irish situation has been materially changed since then, and the British Empire itself, over considerable areas now, is a Federation more than an Empire today. Though I was English born I do not know whether I would yet be allowed to travel in the British dominions.

This much I have said because I want to interpose a brief statement of mine at this point as against the over-emphasis at this time of the economic interest England undoubtedly has in putting a stop to the Italian program. I am quite willing to admit this interest and to allow that, despite all the sincerity of Englishmen who are seeking honestly to dissociate themselves from this interest, it remains as an undercurrent, the strength of which in determining England's policy is not to be lightly set aside.

Without for a moment justifying war on England's part, or on the part of the League, it seems to me that in the interest of straight thinking we are bound to be realists to the extent of recognizing that world peace stands little chance to be established by moral sentiment alone. Had there been, in the earlier instance of the Japanese raid on Manchuria, no less piratical, as active an economic interest on the part of any powerful member of the League to stop that outrage, it would have been stopped. Unfortunately there were only moral sentiment, and minor economic inconveniences to stay Japan's course. These were not then, would not be now, and, while capitalism lasts, never can be strong enough to offset the drive toward piratical expansion where the incentives are as marked as is the alleged economic necessity of both Italy and Japan.

Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by reference to our own experience in the founding of the United States of America under our present Constitution. Charles A. Beard and other historians of first class authority have shown plainly enough the body of economic interest on the part of those who put over the American Constitution. But it was on the side of world interest that there should be one nation here rather than thirteen, or even three or four, as might have been the case. This world interest fortunately coincided with the immediate interest of the most powerful factors in American life at that hour. One does not have to hide the play of that self-interest, nor to question that its operation down to our own day has had very deleterious results, to admit that the evil, at the hour of its initial operation, was less than the good accomplished. Without powerful selfish interests on the side of the kind of a Union we got, we would probably not have achieved any Union at all, quite certainly no such unanimity of union as actually prevailed.

Shall pacifists in America then support England if, whether selfishly or unselfishly, she throws her weight on the side of the authority of the League? I do not think this follows. But I maintain that in witholding support of any war, and particularly such a war as is here contemplated, those who want world unity and world peace by way of the League of Nations, or any other organization of nations as we have them now, must face the fact that only the enlistment at any particular crisis of a major economic interest against whoever would upset the world's apple-cart is going to give adequate weight to such measure of world union as can be realized while independent capitalist nations exist. How different the situation might be under a world union of Soviet Republics I have no space to consider here, nor do I think it necessary to express an opinion at this time. I am pleading only for realism as necessary to effective pacifism.

This I will say, however. We have not stopped war at home, even though we have established here a Union of States much more cohesive and authoritative than the League of Nations promises to be in our time, if ever. If tomorrow the whole world of capitalism could become one world State, with individual citizenship in particular nations as incidental to our common citizenship in the whole as is our citizenship here in city, county and state to our national relationship (an utterly improbable event while capitalism lasts), industrial warfare on a vaster scale than we have it now, or a crushing world Fascism, would hold us in its grip. I would recommend to those who are identifying world salvation on the social field with the triumph of the League of Nations, the United States of Europe, or any like combination, to a careful study of Thorsten Veblen's volume, *The Nature of Peace,* which I read when I was in jail in Los Angeles as a pacifist. There is no peace, side by side with an economic order of special privilege. A world order after the order of the United States would magnify the Class War, or result in universal Hitlerism by way of repressing that war. Our fight, if we are to fight effectively, is at the point of economic exploitation. We are fools to throw ourselves away on any other war, whether Italians, Englishmen, or Americans. The fault with the present situation is not that Mussolini is better or worse than were the men who led England's empire-building generations ago; it is not that England has an economic interest now against further wars of like character on the part of other nations who have grabbed off less of the world. The fault is that, whether England or Italy wins in the Mediterranean, neither Englishmen nor Italians will have won anything worth the cost of men's lives as long as men's lives are subject to the exploitation of the privileged class in both countries. There is no war of any consequence to the common people of the earth except to make real and effective the opposition to special privilege everywhere.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

The Hillquit Memorial at Camp Tamiment

A Sonnet

There is no clamor here, all silent peace
Where comrade poplars their stern vigil keep,
And where your eyes, as wistful still and deep,
Through sculptured bronze their rebel fire release.

Peace you have earned who were for battle born
And built of sinew that defied the rage
Of demagogue and tyrant, glad to wage
The holy warfare for the world's forlorn.

Now towards the dimming sun you've set your face;
The New Day weaves its laurel wreath for you,
Who saw the light the darkness driving through
And with immortal heroes ran his race.

Peace, Comrade, Peace! Around your martyr urn
Prophetic storms their lightning tapers burn.

DON CARLOS.

The Covenant

[*From Our Special Correspondent*]

On October 7th the League of Nations stated unanimously that war between Italy and Ethiopia was going on, although war had not been declared. Furthermore, Mussolini was declared to be the aggressor. These are things known to the whole world, young and old. Yet it is well that the League knew it, too, for then honor is saved, the Covenant established, and justice applied.

A sigh of relief escaped from all the League supporters, and the tension was dissolved in jubilation. The *Journal des Nations* came to the fore with the front page completely taken up by the Covenant and its most important articles. It was agreed that the Covenant not only existed, but could be made effective.

How different it was in 1931! Then the League did not know that a war was going on between China and Japan, although Japan conquered Manchuria and bombarded, killed and burned to do it. Then the Covenant was not worth very much, nor were honor and justice.

But now the Covenant has been what it should have been from the very beginning, a golden cup, a Holy Grail, around which the League knights are guards, defending it by economic sanctions and, if necessary, to the last drop of their blood by military ones, as written in the Covenant itself. And England's fleet, as a police force, sails the Mediterranean!

All the indignation about this war falls on Mussolini's head. No one denies that he is to blame for what is happening now. All his arguments, pretexts, and proofs have fallen to the ground, both in the League and outside it, but first and foremost in England. For Italy and England have met many a time on the Ethiopian battlefield. They know each other well, and England knows the game. Mussolini could easily find his moral accusations against Ethiopia, for they were all published in the English press shortly after 1918. At that time it was England who needed arguments. Everything was there, the slavery, the barbarism, the feudal system, and the need for Western civilization and initiative. At that time Ethiopia was already divided up into three spheres of influence between England, France and Italy, but the fight over the concessions was going on all the time. The struggle had already begun in 1868 between England and Italy. England had been the first to introduce soldiers, but a year after Italy arrived on the scene with a commercial company. Territory was bought at Assab Bay, which in 1882 was made a colony by Italian law. Not until 1885 did Italy bring in soldiers. One trick was as good as another. For example, in one treaty the Italian text spoke about Italy's protectorate of Ethiopia, while the Ethiopian text only spoke about an adviser in foreign affairs.

Against the voracity and the intrigues of England, Italy and France succeeded in forcing Ethiopia into the League. Later on, England and Italy conspired for mutual support when next the Negus should be pressed for concessions.

Now Mussolini has made up his mind to put an end to this game of the three great powers in Ethiopia. But he has opened his mouth too wide! He boasted about something he called his right, and made himself ridiculous. He played all his trumps into the hands of the Englishmen, who had been playing the game for two hundred years and were experts at it. They mobilized public opinion, the League, the Covenant, the pacifists, and came out with laurels on their heads. Meanwhile the whole Western world, drunk with joy over the salvation of the League and the Covenant, is on the verge of making a mistake as to the happenings in Ethiopia, and as to the aim of England's fleet in the Mediterranean.

It is forgotten that the cotton fields in the Sudan and Egypt are the property of British capitalists, and are irrigated by the Lake Tana in Ethiopia. Forgotten, too, that British banks own the Bank of Ethiopia, and that the power which controls Ethiopia controls the southern part of the Red Sea, and thereby the road leading from England to India.

But the East knows it all and makes no mistakes. It knows what the British fleet has to do in the Mediterranean, and also the value of a Western document. In *La Tribune d'Orient,* as early as August 26th, the following was printed in a leading article: "Don't let us forget that these Englishmen, who were mute during the Sino-Japanese war, do not today support the League for the beautiful Covenant's sake, nor do they defend Ethiopia from love of its savages and Negroes. As soon as they could, they would take Ethiopia themselves, or divide it with Italy, provided that they got the lion's share, without bothering about the League, the Peace, Justice, and all the other fine words their mouths are filled with now. . . . We once marched for that Right and Justice, and, after the victory and in spite of the promises, they turned their backs on us in the name of that same Right and Justice. We don't march any more. We marched enough in the World War. Now we leave it to the Fire-brigade on the other side of the Channel to fight for what they like, God, Devil or Humanity. We shall be moved no more by their sentimentality or their theatre making."

And while the great and the small powers in Geneva defend a piece of paper, which they tore to pieces in 1931, the people whom this paper ought to protect against war and injustice are maimed and murdered, bombed and exterminated.

The Covenant has been saved, but Ethiopia has been sacrificed to the Great Powers.

ELLEN HÖRUP.

Dictatorship in Miniature

A well-traditioned maxim of the law is "hard cases make bad law." In kindred manner hard times make for bad policies and harsh government. This tendency has been significantly manifest in the post-war world. Ignoring experience and common sense, and wilfully blind to the real causes of the world's plight, the awful devastation and waste of the Great War and its inevitable aftermath, many nations in their desperation have abandoned all their ideals of freedom and liberal government. And, as if to escape the political responsibilities of free citizenry, or at least to try some change in an unprecedented depression, they have tolerated and even welcomed the reign of absolute dictatorship.

We Americans have been and, I fear, still are too smug in our ingrained confidence that we are somehow immune from this European menace; that *our* liber-

ties are impregnably sacred, and that the "man on horseback" can never come to power here. Yet have we not recently witnessed a real dictatorship in one of our sovereign states? And do we not see that love of power so grows by what it feeds on that, despite the death of the dictator himself, his henchmen are struggling with might and main to continue his rule? Strangely enough all this has been done in the face of our Constitution which guarantees to every state of the Union a republican form of government. Thus liberty runs to license, and unbridled license to general loss of liberty.

Nor is there anything new or progressive about a dictatorship government. It is as old as tyranny and as unprogressive as sin. It has acquired many euphemistic aliases; we hear the sweet-sounding titles of "totalitarian government," "authoritarian government," and of benevolent monarchy. They are all blood relations and they all rule by blood and iron.

Let us not be deceived by euphonious titles or ambitious men. Let us be worthy of our greatest inheritance, and vigilant to preserve it for ourselves and for posterity.

A distinguished statesman, Senator Gore of Oklahoma, who seems to have turned his physical blindness into extraordinary mental vision, some years ago uttered these apt and memorable words in the Senate: "Let us beware lest in reaching for the stars we lose the gem at our feet."

SALMON O. LEVINSON.

The Way to Utopia

If a man take no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand.—Confucius

When fifty per cent of all hospital beds are occupied by persons suffering from nervous diseases; when crimes and suicides are on the increase, with millions of our able-bodied men and women tramping despondently our streets in a vain search for honest labor, seeking opportunities that would enable them to produce and to serve, instead of being obliged to fall into the cruel and degrading arms of forced doles and unfriendly charity; when the schools of a nation are being forced to shut their doors, their teachers thrown out without compensation, and the children of entire communities made to ramble and crowd the public highways without due provision for their physical, mental and spiritual well-being; when the authority and strength of the state voluntarily collaborate with agricultural and industrial producers in a wholesale destruction and forced reduction of the material wealth of a nation, while millions of its citizens go hungry, shabby and illy-sheltered for a lack of those very necessities; when this distorted pageantry winds up with a scene where the taxpayers plead poverty and the municipalities declare themselves publicly bankrupt, in turn pleading for relief—under such a myopic state of local and universal affairs, the mincing of words or the mere overlooking of matters by permitting things to glide and to stumble seismographically from bad to worse, with little hope for lasting amelioration, becomes an act of criminal negligence. Our short-lived elation over the truly magnificent emoluments of an era of technical progress—which enables men to produce with ease to a super-abundance most of the essentials and reasonable luxuries for a rational life—comes to an abrupt halt when confronted by man's stupid and wilful inability to plan and organize intelligently the fruits of his genius and labors for his own good. The unbelievable inanities of our political, economic, as well as religious, pilots of state reach their zenith of intolerable futility in the consummation of an immoral scheme which makes out of the ultimate consumer the malodorously helpful sacrificial goat. Flouting all sense of fairness, men acquiesce in a policy of unbridled exploitation, veiled on occasion in the cloaks of an elusive prosperity—in Doric parlance, a prosperity never to be had nor to be materially felt by those very multitudes most in need of its promises.

Is there a comprehensive and workable course, following up a moral social credo, that would safely and peaceably lead our perplexed generation out of the darkness of the jungle into the light and paths of reason? Can our civilization be salvaged before another gulf of economic and racial fears and ill-practices brings about another wholesale destruction of life and wealth with universal disintegration and decay as the sole prize for both victors and vanquished? (Think of the ominous mechanized armies, departments of chemical war-service and aeronautics religiously nursed by the overtaxed nations of the world.)

The rational social order can become a reality once the leaders in the fields of education, religion, economic and political pursuits discard the worship of their ancient and mediaeval idols that breed disunion, hatreds and beastly strife, and vow instead their new allegiance to the trinity of Reason—Truth—Justice. They, these responsible leaders, can best manifest their loyalty in the course of immediate actual living and teaching of a life which recognizes among other vital requisites the following fundamental social principles which must be translated into action.

First, no matter what is being done by the elders, it is the young and growing generation that is the true master of the destinies of mankind in the days to come. The future belongs to the children of today; and upon the education and the training they receive now from their guardians depend the very character and future of their mature lives. Set them from early childhood on the road leading to the true, the wholesome and the beautiful; show them the natural unity of rational interests that binds in one brotherhood all men, all women, all children of all races, creeds and nationalities as they are found scattered throughout the world; teach them by example the unmistakable benefits and blessings, to the individual and to society, of temperance, of common, intelligent and voluntary effort by mutual aid and sympathetic understanding of all the legitimate needs of mankind; help them, with the aid of a far-reaching just economic readjustment of social living, to break away from all those irreconcilable, selfish, tribal fears and prejudices which are built upon ignorance, superstition, brutalities, exploitation of man by man, falsehoods and mistakes; imbue them in a friendly manner with a sense of personal responsibility and self-reliance, always trusting in the powers and abilities of their own unfolding intelligence. With these exercises on the part of the older generation, roused by the crimes and drudgeries of the day to honest thought and faithful action, there is a wholesome renewal of feeling of security and faith in a truer progress and a finer civilization well on the way to

materialization, with our children and the generations to follow fully and blissfully partaking of the fruits thereof. It is not what we dream or preach on special occasion, but what we do actually now for our youth—what we expose them to and what we compel them to pursue—that holds the key to future peaceful creation, security and a progress affording human happiness or to war, insecurity, painful disintegration and decay.

The second thought that pleads our attention is that, contrary to what statesmen and leaders have to say, it is the actual *manner* in which they live and support themselves and the *means* by which they acquire their wealth and stability that set the real pace towards good or evil, towards greater mistrust or confidence, towards unity or further divisions and wars—in short, their actual practices *now* set the pace for a rational life or ignominious death that is to greet us tomorrow.

But the most vital principle of rehabilitation must be the universal acknowledgment that it is not science nor prophetic spiritual aspirations of mankind that have failed; it is not Nature that makes men behave in society as they do; it is not the nation—its mass of humankind—that has failed with the march of time and technical progress; but it is the mutual misuse and abuse of science, skill and powers in the hands of irresponsible leaders whose selfishness, bigotries, brutalities and total lack of fair regard for justice and the rights of man are directly responsible for most of the mistakes, heartaches, failures and futile sacrifices which are all well recorded in the annals of the race for the last three thousand years, with very little indication for a turn on a universal scale for the better.

By holding *"faithfulness and sincerity as first principles, and by moving continually to what is right"* we may cheerfully and peaceably in unison reach out for our goal and usher in a social life that promises the development of the finest there is in human personality in the midst of a buoyant and freely creating family of nations embracing harmoniously all humankind.

DAVID GITTLEMAN.

Current Tensions in Liberal Religion

We live in an age of rapid change. These changes, which come from the development and application of the sciences, have profoundly affected our ways of thinking and living. As the result of the operation of the same forces, we find pre-scientific cultures the world over in various stages of disintegration. The break-up of Christianity into over two hundred different sects in our own land is an eloquent witness to this fact. Hardly less eloquent is the divorce of any effective religious idealism from the larger areas of our business and political life, where "business is business" and "politics no Sunday School Picnic."

These changes have affected our habits and attitudes very unevenly, and their geographical distribution is just as uneven. In our religious moods our attitudes are more or less tinged with the supernatural. In our efforts to gain a living, which occupies the major part of our time and energy, our attitudes tend to be more largely dominated by a developing naturalism. Our institutional life is dominated by large industrial organizations where the control of both nature and human nature is through the technologies which have developed from the sciences. On the other hand our religious life, as it is at present institutionally organized, still clings to technologies which are based upon the older supernaturalism, with which is entwined our sense of personal and social values. Hence we find ourselves divided in our attitudes and habits. We lack the unity that characterized the mediaeval man.

The depression has largely grown out of these changes and has intensified their effects upon individuals and groups. New tensions have developed in religious groups and those that have long existed between the privileged and the under-privileged have become more acute. Many ministers who are sensitive to the intellectual and ethical issues involved are becoming increasingly dissatisfied with what they can accomplish through the church, or are critical of a membership which fails to respond to these issues. On the other hand congregations are in many cases restive under the social and economic emphasis from their pulpits. Many members feel that here the minister has gone out of his proper field, and in any case they are sceptical as to what he might know about economics. Yet the well-informed minister is well aware that this is comparatively a new attitude. When Christianity was the expression of a fairly well-integrated culture it enforced its ethics in business and politics. A Christian could not then charge interest, neither could he raise the prices of goods because of times of scarcity. The minister is also apt to feel that he is much more capable of effective thinking in social and economic affairs than he is in the realm of a speculative supernaturalism, in regard to which his critics may feel that the minister may speak with authority.

We may say then that the tensions in our thinking come from a developing naturalism in conflict with a receding supernaturalism in our conduct and from the technologies which give us such a remarkable power over our environment, but which lack the distinct power of a religious ideal, which for the majority remains mingled with the older supernaturalism.

In the older supernaturalism nature was considered as more or less personal. Hence the techniques of control were those appropriate to the control of persons. This gave mankind a confidence in the ultimate beneficence of nature despite the hard facts of everyday life. The advance of the sciences, and the broad trend of naturalism which was logically developed from them has completely discredited the supernatural for the educated man. The refusal of the church as a whole to accept the intellectual implications of the sciences brings a tension between his loyalty to the church and his respect for his own intellectual integrity. The church still tends to rest largely on authority, while the modern man tends more and more to rely upon actual evidence and the inferences which may validly be drawn from it. This situation exists in varying degree in all of the great religions of the world. Their theologies are warmly personal but they are none the less speculative systems of wish-thinking about the supernatural. They are outmoded fashions of thinking which should be relegated to museums, or frankly junked, in the interest of a better life.

They not only cause individual frustration but they lie at heart of institutions which separate good men.

The great religions sought the unity of mankind by winning their allegiance by persuasion or force. To the modern this is a vain hope. On the other hand there is the intellectual unity that is the promise of the sciences. These reveal the same universe, astronomically, biologically, or otherwise, amongst all races and in all countries. They win assent, not by force or persuasion, but by the fact that they are integral to rational human experience. Thus naturalism, despite the coldness of the universe that it at its present stage of development reveals, offers a universal framework for the intellectual life of all mankind that grows naturally out of our common experience.

The religions of the past offered not only an intellectual framework or world view, but they provided a technique for its control, and brought these controls under an all-inclusive social ideal for the good of the group. The discrediting of the supernatural in our everyday life and its continuance in our religious institutions have brought about an unusual situation. The major activities of our lives have oozed out from the control of the church. Hence the use of the sciences has been in the large for individual profit unregulated, or at best ineffectively regulated, by any inclusive religious or social ideal. Thus it is regarded as a religious act for a medicine man to go through some hocus-pocus to rid a community or an individual of disease, but it is regarded as secular function when done by a modern physician. Further, the modern physician may be a faithful member of a church and yet resist the attempt to socialize medicine which is but an effort to make it religious. Similarly, the efforts of the medicine man to produce rain or otherwise to insure a good corn crop are regarded as religious, but when we call in the scientifically trained agriculturist, this is a secular matter in which we engage for personal profit.

Unitarianism, as well as Liberalism, developed as a fine flowering of Puritan culture. It rested back upon a generous economic security and the leisure that came from this. The extension of this movement depends upon a more generous share in economic security and education by all men. To be secure our cultural achievements must be more widely shared. And basic to such sharing is economic security.

I covet for the liberal fellowship a frank facing of the intellectual implications of the sciences and the direction of their application in accordance with the ideals of social justice, so that a fellowship of free minds and generous hearts may not only be the promise of a new day in human affairs, but also an effective instrument in its realization.

JOHN BROGDEN.

Italy's Case

Italy has a case! A case is as necessary to an imperial government on an adventure of colonial conquest as armies and navies, tanks and bombing planes, poison gas and liquid fire. A case is supposed to subdue the conscience of mankind, as armies subdue the enemy. Italy's case, at least as presented openly, has to do with population. Her territory in Europe, according to Il Duce, is limited. The soil that can be cultivated for the support of her people is inadequate. Expansion, we are told, is the sign of vigorous life, and expansion has now become necessary for the new Fascist Italy. It is true that Libya, which is seven times the size of Italy, has only 30,000 Italians in her vast domain. But, according to Mussolini, it is Abyssinia that can alone solve her problem, even though Libya has been under the Italian flag for more than a quarter of a century.

This case, if we may call it such, would be more convincing if the Fascist dictator had not been moving heaven and earth, ever since he took power, to increase the Italian population at the greatest possible speed. During the past ten years, in season and out, Mussolini has appealed to Italian mothers to breed. He has exhausted every device of publicity and propaganda to induce large families, especially in the peasant population of Italy. Mothers with the most children have been decorated; fathers, efficient at the business of reproduction if of nothing else, have been pensioned or given public office. The new generation of women has been reared to the understanding that their mission, like that of sows, is to produce litters of offspring. If Mussolini has not succeeded in increasing the population of his domain as rapidly as he has dreamed, it is not for lack of enthusiastic endeavor. Even Fascists are sensible about this breeding business, and thus are not reproducing themselves in a way wholly to satisfy the militaristic designs of the new Roman imperator. But the problem has been made serious enough, and now comes the rape of Ethiopia as the wretched consequence.

The cure for the evil of excess population is not to be found in colonies or foreign possessions of any kind. The idea that an ancient, proud and independent people like the Ethiopians shall be robbed of their country, to satisfy the breeding propensities of Italians, is disgusting and abhorrent enough in itself. But, from the sheer pragmatic point of view, it is obvious that there is a limit to this sort of thing. The habitable globe is just so large, and that's the end of it! If the population problem is to be handled at all, it must be handled through birth control, as Margaret Sanger and other great leaders of this cause have been teaching now for years. The exercise of birth control, to the end of population control, may be regarded as a measure of the intelligence and moral discipline of a people. The time has come when it must be accepted as the real test of civilization.

If there is any one thing which proves more convincingly than another that Mussolini is essentially a savage who would lead mankind back to a new age of barbarism, it is the mania of this dictator for an expanding population to feed the militaristic hordes which, like the chieftains of old, he would lead forth to conquest.

Mussolini's case is not a case for colonial expansion. Just to the extent that he has an argument, it is an argument for birth control.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Study Table

Realistic Pacifism

Never again let a militarist boast of his realism! In his most recent volume,* Leyton Richards has furnished all the ammunition needed for pacifists to shoot full of holes the oft-asserted claim of militarists that they are realists, while pacifists are merely idealists. The book is really two books in one. The first part under the title, "Personal, the Christian's Repudiation of War," was published as a separate volume in England in 1929 under the title, "The Christian's Alternative to War." A small edition of this book was imported into America under this same title. The second part, "The Christian's Contribution to Peace," published this year, 1935, in England, is now made available in America for the first time in this present volume. While Dr. Richards writes from the point of view of the Christian pacifist with all the spiritual authority of the life, teachings and attitude of Jesus behind him, his conclusions are not for that reason vitiated for any others who see in War the supreme enemy of the human race, which, either from religious or non-religious considerations, must be abolished if civilization is not to perish.

To Christians some idea of the realism in the first part may be indicated by the chapter headings, The Problem; The Authority of Christ; The Nature of War: On the Battle Front, On the Home Front; Christianity and War; Some Difficulties of the Christian Position; The Christian Witness in a World Organized for War. Throughout one catches the realistic spirit as Dr. Richards makes his points by appeal to those who are non-pacifists. Lord Bryce of unsavory connection with the report that bears his name was right when he said, "Civilization must destroy war, or war will destroy civilization." From merely a cursory perusal of the New Testament, it must be evident that this Juggernaut in our midst, War, would have the unreserved condemnation of Jesus. Certainly no one that comes to understand Jesus' spirit can fail to see that discipleship to him means unqualified opposition to War, since War has become in our time, no matter what it once was, the absolute antithesis of everything for which Jesus lived and died. Of course, all this is old stuff enough to the Christian pacifists; but in his analysis of what War really is today on both the Battle and Home Fronts, our author meets the militarist head-on in the controversy as to who is realistic. The military mind is always wrapped in pre-twentieth century traditions. It does not seem to know that twentieth century War is such a different thing mainly because of the tremendous advance (sic) in the technological machines of mass murder. These make War on the home front as terrible as on the battle front, if not more so. No longer can men talk about security through armaments and huge War Machines, and at the same time be realists! George Bernard Shaw, in his eightieth year, has declared with realistic insight that if another World War breaks out he will volunteer for the front line trenches, "since that will be the safest place in the world." (p. 179.) Stanley Baldwin and others in the British Parliament have admitted that there can be no protection against aerial warfare for any city. Our author quotes him, speaking before the House of Commons on November 10, 1932, "The only defense is in offense, which means that you will have to kill more women and children more quickly, if you want to save yourselves." (p. 175.) The last corner to which the militarists have been driven in order to defend their realism! How long, if once the people know these admissions of statesmen, before the citizens of all nations will refuse to allow their legislative bodies to sanction military appropriations on the plea that they are for "defense"!

It is in the second part of the volume that Dr. Richards wrestles with the many detailed problems that must be solved in order to rid the world of War. While recognizing that the capitalistic order contributes many factors that go toward the making of War, our author finds the real roots of War in Nationalism. One must read the volume to see his nice distinction between Nationality, the contribution of which to the world's life must be preserved for each nation, and Nationalism, in whose "flag-waving," prejudices, both racial and national, hatreds and fears he finds roots of War. The present reviewer feels that Dr. Richards does not assign enough significance to capitalism as a breeder of War, but does agree with his conclusion that, since the economic substitute system for capitalism is so much further away in point of being realized, all lovers of their own lands must work hard and fast together at the task of securing an "Alternative to Nationalism," for, if we wait until capitalism is abolished all over the earth before we get rid of War, we may find, if we allow a "next War" to come, that there will be nothing left for a new economic order to organize.

Note the realism in this chapter heading, "The Defense of Nationalism and the Illusion of Military Security!" When he gets through with the illusions on which the armaments-for-security people continue to feed the unthinking masses of all countries, your militarists look as foolish as babes, believing in fairy tales, feel when suddenly disillusioned. No Santa Claus fable was ever more unrealistic than these illusions of the military-minded. The military-security thesis fails on psychological, political and factual grounds. People do not succumb to a display of force. "Peoples everywhere wish for peace and their statesmen continually echo this wish in public utterances. But people and statesmen alike want things which can only be secured or maintained by war or by readiness for war." (p. 169.) We have referred to the physical facts that no longer make War a method of securing justice, liberty, righting or preventing of wrongs. The "realism" of those who would try to defend themselves in a "next War" is indeed fantastic! After no less than nineteen military experts from various countries have indicated something of the expected nature of a "next War," with aeroplanes dropping, among other explosives and gases, "incendiary bombs filled with thermite which burns at 3000 degrees centigrade (5432 F., twice the temperature at which steel melts) and cannot be put out by any known extinguishers," the International Red Cross Society with headquarters at Geneva made seven recommendations in 1928, among which are these. "No. 3. The building in every city of hermetically sealable subterranean chambers supplied with chemically produced oxygen or filtered air from a high chimney ventilation operated by a powerful motor. . . ." Please tell us what to do if an "enemy" bomb puts the motor out of business! "No. 5. All new buildings should be constructed with subterranean gas-proof shelters, separated from the superstructure and each other by masses of concrete." It is any wonder that "Buck" Rogers in the 25th Century is always talking about "the rules of

*"Realistic Pacifism," by Leyton Richards. Published by Willett. Clark and Co., Chicago, Ill., $2.

ancient Philadelphia, Omaha," etc.! But enough of what the self-styled "realistic" militarists are preparing for our world!

It is in considering substitutes for war as a method of settling disputes between nations that Dr. Richards is most realistic. Recognizing that changes in Law and its enforcement seem well nigh to have banished such evils as piracy, dueling and slavery, he sets forth the League of Nations as holding the key to an orderly future. Of course, we all realize how complex the problems are here. He hopes for such developments in the League as will make for a genuine International Police Force. He knows that what the League now has is not an analogy to police, as thinks one expert in international Law whom we might mention but will not, but hopes such will be able to be evolved out of it. He does see that the nations "cannot eat their cake and have it too." They must be willing to surrender to a higher international tribunal their sovereignty on questions involving them as nations, if War is to be eliminated. There must be a genuine World Court and, perhaps, International Police. The difficulty of bringing a guilty nation into court is faced. Dr. Richards would have the League of Nations announce that the International Police Force is going to destroy the big city of the condemned nation on such a date, so that the people could leave, and only their property would be destroyed! We would have contingents from all nations on the Police Force of the World, and do what our New York Police have found it wise to do, assign Negroes to Harlem, Italians to Little Italy, etc. Why could not the Italian Precinct of such an International Police Force lead the way through an Italy to get the Mussolini, who is the culprit, without injuring any except those who insisted on helping the criminal? The important thing to recognize today is that Geneva has nothing that justifies the Police analogy. If it had, perhaps things might be different.

Dr. Richards, a Britisher, sees some lessons in the way in which in America forty-eight independent states, by giving up their sovereignty to a Federal Government, have kept the peace relatively, that all of us here may not have noted! The Civil War was the big exception, of course. He joins with American pacifists in hailing the 139 interstate decisions of our Supreme Court that the states have obeyed without resort to violence for their enforcement, and sees some of the way out by the creating of such a peaceful sentiment in all lands behind a real Federation of the Nations.

From our point of view the most thrillingly inspiring thought of the whole volume is in his proof that the very lethargy of the masses of citizens, heretofore thought by most of us pacifists to be our Waterloo, is in fact our very opportunity. His example of the duel is not so convincing perhaps because we are not so familiar with the history of its outlawing. His example of the Rush-Bagot treaty that would leave forever unarmed, and therefore safe, the 3,300-mile boundary between Canada and the U. S. A. is conclusive. (P. 247 ff.) How Richard Rush, the Philadelphia Quaker, with Sir Charles Bagot, the British Ambassador at Washington, started this alone and in some three short years brought it to a successful conclusion, with the help of President John Quincy Adams, Ambassador James Monroe in London and a few farsighted minds, is told with breathless thrills. We could only think of the twentieth century parallel in Salmon O. Levinson starting the idea that culminated in the Paris Peace Pact forever outlawing War among the nations. Now we must implement that Pact with a genuine "Parliament of Man," the World Court, etc. If the League of Nations is defective, as it appears, why not start again? America did. The Articles of Confederacy gave way to the Constitution. Why not our present League to a genuine International World super-State?

The volume is a mine of ammunition for the pacifist, and should be on every genuine pacifist's shelves. It is comparable in its value to John Haynes Holmes' *New Wars for Old.* It will be thought less philosophical and more pointed to the European situation than Richard B. Gregg's *The Power of Non-Violence.* Here is a realistic nut for our militarists to crack, although Richards upholds it victoriously, "Peace-at-any-price is the only way of security and defense; PATRIOTISM AND PRUDENCE AND PACIFISM ARE NOW ONE AND THE SAME. Even in the war of 1914-18 this moral could be deduced: the city of Brussels was undefended and therefore unharmed; on the other hand, Antwerp was defended and therefore destroyed." Are there any armament enthusiasts still willing to stand up and testify to their realism?

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

Road to Peace

This book* is of particular value to the student of peace if only because of the array of appendices which make up just half of the volume. These appendices comprise the full set of conventions, treaties, covenants, and facts which have been entered into by the nations of the earth since the close of the Great War. The documents listed are, in order, (1) the Hague Convention of 1907, (2) the Covenant of the League of Nations, 1919, (3) the Protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice, 1920, (4) the "Gondra Treaty" to avoid or prevent conflicts between American states, 1923, (5) the Pact of Paris, 1928, (6) the General Act for the Settlement of International Disputes, Geneva, 1928, (7) the Inter-American Convention on Arbitration, Washington, 1929, (8) the Inter-American Convention on Conciliation, Washington, 1929, and (9) the Anti-War Treaty, Rio de Janeiro, 1933. These are the steps toward peace taken during the most confused and dangerous war-period of modern history. Whether they lead to anything but another and perhaps final war is all on the laps of the gods, but Professor Hudson refuses to abandon hope.

It is the author's definition and justification of this hope which make up the first and of course more important part of this volume,—a series of four lectures originally delivered at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts College. These lectures tell the story of which the documentary appendices are the texts. Himself one of the world's great scholars in his field, and a master of this particular material, Professor Hudson believes that the nations have made progress toward peace at a time when progress was beset by incredible difficulties. His concluding paragraph is impressive:

"The task of preparing for peace can never be accomplished finally and for all time, and I repeat that

* "By Pacific Means," by Manley O. Hudson. Published by the Yale University Press. $2.50.

the great advances which we have made in fifteen years are not an absolute guaranty of peace in years to come. Yet this can be said. With the methods and agencies now available, unless emotion gains the upper hand completely, intelligence, imagination, and ingenuity can now have a scope such as they have not had in any previous period of the world's history."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

God's Dreams

Social vision poetry wins in the face of strong opposition and weak adherence. Shamefully little support is given to poetry in this country now, shockingly little to poetry of social significance. For instance, in poetry several of the foremost liberal weeklies cater to small and almost anti-social cliques. People who think for themselves in other respects are content to accept ready-made judgments on poets' merits from sources they would distrust on other subjects. Purchasers even of most anthologies of socially-minded poetry are few and far between. How often does a forum feature a poet or does a church present a reading of contemporary poetry of social or spiritual character, suitable though this would be? What basis can be found for such failure to appreciate and utilize the tremendous power poetry can wield for social consciousness and the social conscience?

The public's lack of appreciation of poetry is based in part on the poet's own lack of appreciation of poetry. Too few poets yet respect their art enough to study and master its technique. Too many who are radical or experimental in mental attitude on social issues are eccentric and experimentalist in poetic expression. Too few realize that poetry performs a social and spiritual mission of the utmost vitality through its powers of arousing sympathy and identification, widening consciousness, intensifying awareness, inspiring the realization that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in any philosophy, giving a name and communicable form to dreams and thus showing what the present lacks and the future should bring. Too many insist upon harnessing these vast creative and recreative forces to some limited and limiting viewpoint as if the horses of the sun could be fastened to some one delivery wagon or as if, not content with hitching their wagon to a star, they tried to squeeze the star into the wagon! Others fall in love with generalities and make an opposite error, thinking these abilities can work in vacuo, not realizing that poetry expresses the universal through the particular, stressing selection rather than collection. Too few have charm. Too many attempt, usually unconsciously, to make up for lack of vitality of the poetic impulse by forcing some other quality. In brief, there are altogether too few Thomas Curtis Clarks.

Those who want anthologies of poetry strong as poetry and strong as utterance of mankind's profoundest aspirations, poetry that is able and readable and quotable, have learned to look for them to Thomas Curtis Clark. Those who want to read poems of this character as they first appear have come increasingly to expect and find them largely in the *Christian Century,* of which the poetry editor is Thomas Curtis Clark. What more natural than that America's greatest poetry anthologist and poetry editor should himself be both a vital and a charming poet? His latest collection, *Home Roads and Far Horizons,* ranges from Avalon to Chicago, with a whole section of poems written in England and Scotland, and on to the visioned City of God on earth, not forgetting Childhood Town. It spans from Li Po to Lincoln with many a tender and resonant poem about the "lonely Peasant" who, aware of the groans of men and women and children, cries out about great cathedrals:

> Blaspheme no longer. Set My brethren free,
> Then build a church to show your love for Me!

The book's scope and author's breadth are revealed, too, by the fact that the forms vary from triolet to free verse. He shows his realization that the poet walks in step with all brave pilgrims of past or future as well as present and that poetry is a yearning that includes both nostalgia and prophecy. But he cries to the "makers of poems limpid and lilting" to "leave the old tunes of vanishing nations," "hark to the corn song that bursts from the prairie" and "chant the new music of brothers and lovers." Speaking to his fellow poets of the men to come, he expresses with his usual felicity and vibrancy the hope of all authentic poets,

> For them the gleam—
> Because we dared to dream!

And of poets he writes:

> They are the true world builders,
> Theirs are the deathless years,
> Theirs is an ageless scepter—
> Wielders of dreams and tears.

"Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams!" he declares ringingly and challengingly of the dreams that "men shall love one another," that "white shall call black man brother," "greed shall pass from the market place" and other high dreams that are the test of a man—"O measure me true by the dreams that I dare—and fail!" Surely you will want to dream with Thomas Curtis Clark, true poet and true dreamer of dreams that shall come true.

Women as well as men are dreaming the high dreams and fighting bloodlessly—unless it be their blood that is shed—the world-wide, age-high battle against hate and war, inhumanity and greed "squeezing out all love with a grasping twist." Indeed, as "slave of the ages," "beast of burden—source of cannon fodder—and sorrow's counterpart," "plaything held in dungeons of sin, a slave of shameful lust," and as awakened wife and mother, woman has a special stake and need and well-earned place in the self-transcending struggle for the sake of the family of all mankind. Grace French Smith in her *Trumpet Call* splendidly summons woman, "Lift your holy grail of love from the mud," and sounds "woman's war cry," which is: "For God's sake, stop!" With unfailing sympathy for the victims she blows a mighty blast against callousness and indifference, prostitution's traffic in woman's flesh, war's in man's, our social system's in children's, drink that is "a viper gripping the soul and enslaving the appetite." But not all of her work is negative. Delightfully vivid nature poems and travel poems answer the reader's wish for wings for the imagination, and the book finds its climax in fervent religious poems. You who have read her poems in UNITY may well remember their polish and power, proving this poet is admirably craftsman and creator.

What we have said of Grace French Smith applies with but a single regrettable exception to Bertha Gerneaux Woods, whose *The Little Gate* also proves

that charm and strength can augment each other in poetry that is propaganda and yet lose nothing and gain much thereby. The exception is that she is not as yet a contributor to UNITY and the regret is ours and, we are sure, yours if you read her book, which snugly but never smugly fits the pocket and the heart. There are more "folksy" poems and no travel poems, and feminism is stressed less and more attention given to flowers, but both women's hearts beat out loud with sympathy, which is the heart of poetry.

Catholic and Protestant and those of no organized religion stand shoulder to shoulder in combatting war, showing the soul knows unity deeper than differences religions formulate. In a book primarily of Catholic poetry appear several poems of peace as powerful as any that ever have been written, poems every pacifist should have in his library and memory. "No nation ever won a war," Benjamin Musser declares in "Alias Victory" in his *The End of Singing.* In "If War Should Come" he proclaims, "Bar me in jail, where I can sing my song of love for erring man." And you must read for yourself his "Purple Clover" in which he pictures the time when "men have ended men" and "stallions of the sun ride in gray oblivion."

Catholic to Communist, with both of them contributors to UNITY, next Musser's book on our shelves stands Henry George Weiss' brochure, "Lenin Lives." Metaphysics is replaced by Marxian materialism, but poetry, which like both religion and revolution is an expression of the spirit which giveth life, flames in both sets of pages. The red flame girdling the world and leaping from spirit to spirit as from torch to torch sings as it burns in the lines of Weiss and seldom has it sung more intensely. Some here is not poetry, but some undeniably is poetry that will be heard more and more. It is most effective, most successful as a revolutionary force as well as a poetic force, when it is quietest, reaching the suffering heart of life far beneath proletarian labels. Such poems as "As Men Having a Job to Do," praised by Arthur Davison Ficke, or "To a Fat Bourgeois," picturing the lean and hungry who are "supple and strong with thin lips that murmur, Not long, Not long" as they "patiently wait like lean wolves in winter outside of your gate," are not easily forgotten and are not without peril overlooked, if overlooked.

A. M. Stephen's *Verendrye,* the first Canadian epic, should not be omitted from this survey of recent poetry of social significance both because its author who should be made the poet laureate of Canada is a staunch, self-sacrificing fighter for the causes for which UNITY stands and, we believe, has contributed to UNITY, and because the poem itself is more than a stirring account of the romance and social idealism of the pioneers who searched for the Western Sea. To quote the author's introduction, "Verendrye—and, indeed, every great spirit who has struggled forward upon the quest of something beyond himself—presents but another symbol of the Great Adventure which has always called forth the hero and the poet in man."

RALPH CHEYNEY.

"Home Roads and Far Horizons: Songs and Sonnets," by Thomas Curtis Clark. 116 pages. Willett, Clark & Co., New York and Chicago. $1.75.

"Trumpet Call," by Grace French Smith. 64 pages. Henry Harrison, New York. $1.50.

"The Little Gate—Opening Into Nature, Humanity, Life," by Bertha Gerneaux Woods. 85 pages. Walter John Coates, Driftwind Press, North Montpelier, Vermont. $1.00.

"The End of Singing," by Benjamin Musser. 129 pages. Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H. $1.00.

"Lenin Lives," by Henry George Weiss. 31 pages. B. C. Hagglund, Holt, Minn. 25c.

"Verendrye: Poem of the New World," by A. M. Stephen. 66 pages. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., Toronto and Vancouver.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 102)

delay for the purpose of coming to a provisional stabilization of exchange on the basis of gold—allowing for the possibility of readjustment in case of need—with a view to the establishment of a stable world gold standard.

III

Fundamentally, international, economic and financial problems depend for their solution upon the preservation of peace and the restoration of political confidence and security.

Throughout the world, the people as a whole are earnestly desirous of peace and eagerly anxious that practical steps be taken to secure it.

Therefore, the policies of Governments and their use of the organs of international organization should be such as will strengthen the habit of consultation between nations on equal terms, and thus keep them out of the atmosphere of war which, when it exists, makes almost impossible an adequate period of time for negotiation and the peaceful solution of disputes. These policies would include:

1. Strengthening the League of Nations and increasing its influence and authority as an impartial instrument of all the nations.
2. Steadily building the habit of the judicial settlement of international disputes by use of the Permanent Court of International Justice, of the Permanent Court of Arbitration and of commissions of enquiry and conciliation.
3. Checking the constant growth of armaments which may so easily be used for violating the pledge given in the Pact of Paris and which are so heavy a burden upon the tax-payer.
4. Steps to increase the effectiveness of the Pact of Paris by providing a regular method of consultation and by affording an adequate interpretation of the Pact and of the obligations implicit in it.
5. Recognition by peoples as well as by Governments of the fact that continuous consultation is the best safeguard against war and that should restraints ever be necessary, economic measures could or would be effective if virtually universal and that, if effective, military measures would be unnecessary.
6. Co-operation of the nations to raise the standard of living of their several peoples and to assist in solving their pressing social problems as has already been undertaken through the International Labor Organization.

IV

Believing it to be important that there shall be made available in accessible form all possible accurate information with respect to international economic relations, we recommend that the Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the officers and directors of the International Chamber of Commerce shall give consideration to the practicability of sponsoring jointly the institution of a competent commission to make a comprehensive and exhaustive survey and study of international economic relations in all of their aspects, to the end that a better understanding of these relations by the peoples of the world may be promoted and the cause of economic stability and progress furthered.

Kagawa Plans American Visit

Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii are still reverberating with Toyohiko Kagawa's words on religion, peace, cooperatives, applied sociology and economics according to word just received from Dr. Ogawa, secretary to the Japanese Christian social leader who will visit America late in December.

During the two-month tour of Australia, Dr. Kagawa spoke 178 times to 115,000 people, and in 33 days in New Zealand spoke 90 times to 61,000 people in addition to many radio broadcasts in both countries. Covering over 1300 miles through the north and south islands of New Zealand, Kagawa visited the four main centers of Aukland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin as well as many minor towns.

"Everywhere we went the crowd was so large and so eager to hear Dr. Kagawa that the meeting places were too small to accommodate them all. Amplifiers brought his messages to those who could not find seats or room on the floors, in the aisles or in the windows. Sometimes he had to speak from the threshold of the entrance of the hall to a crowd outside. Many times we had to fight through the crowds to enter the hall; and often we entered from back doors.

"The variety of meetings and different classes of people whom he addressed is another wonderful revelation, for he spoke at ordinary church gatherings—if it were on Sunday as a rule he spoke to at least three services—public meetings of religious and civic bodies, women's meetings, youth rallies, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. meetings, school children, universities, business men's clubs, trade unions, farmers' conferences, student meetings, ministers' meetings and public forums.

"Australia and New Zealand alike, although not so individualistic as the United States, are both too self-contented by their well-being, and although they have most advanced social legislation, they have not yet realized the importance of Christian cooperatives, national and international. On this point Dr. Kagawa made a special contribution to their thinking."

Ovations, formal and informal, greeted Dr. Kagawa. "A saint who can laugh," "master of hearts," "the justification of Christianity," were some of the titles showered upon him. Their effect was only to embarrass and humiliate Kagawa, who always replied, "I am a simple servant of Christ."

Dr. Kagawa will arrive in San Francisco December 18 and will spend the following six months lecturing in the United States and Canada before sailing for Europe to attend several religious conferences. Two months before his arrival almost all of Dr. Kagawa's available speaking time was taken. Among the most important engagements are the Student Volunteer Convention, Indianapolis, December 26-28; a National Seminar on Consumers' Cooperation sponsored by the Federal Council of Churches, Indianapolis, December 30-31; a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden, New York, under the auspices of the New York Federation of Churches, January 25; and the Rauschenbusch Lectures, Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, Rochester, New York, in April. In addition special conferences are being arranged by church, cooperative, labor and liberal organizations in every section of the country.

Cooperative League News Service.

Economic Security and Birth Control

Margaret Sanger insists that if the maternal and child health services indicated in the Economic Security Act are to be effective, they must include the establishment of clinics where contraceptive advice might be obtained.

EVERY DAY IN THE UNITED STATES:

approximately 82 women die as a result of pregnancy.
560 infants die or are born DEAD.
300 pregnancies end in abortion.

EVERY YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES:

over a million women resort to abortion.
200,000 infants die or are born DEAD.
14,000 women die in childbirth.
17,000 women die from abortions.

"UNTIL SCIENTIFIC BIRTH CONTROL instruction is made available to the 26,000,000 married women of child-bearing age in America," Mrs. Sanger asserts, "we shall not have a reduction in maternal mortality, in abortion and in infant mortality. This is a basic item in social legislation.

"There are many diseases of women where pregnancy is such a disturbing factor that a cure is almost impossible," she continues. "Ours is the only country with modern medical care that omits birth control instruction to mothers suffering from these diseases."

Dr. Rachelle Yarros, Hull House, Chicago, speaks as follows:

"In what way will the dissemination of contraceptive information conserve maternal health? *First,* it will give the opportunity to every woman to space the births of her children according to her own physical, psychological, and economic status. *Secondly,* it will tend to reduce infant mortality. The Children's Bureau has shown statistically that the infant death rate is definitely related to the period of time which elapses between childbirths—the shorter the period, the higher the infant mortality. *Thirdly,* the repeated fear lest she conceive before she is ready for it is a source of serious mental and emotional strain to every mother. This anxiety is responsible for an amount of family unhappiness, misery and maladjustment which we are only now beginning to realize. *Fourthly,* the only way to effectively reduce the number of abortions is to provide women with safe, scientific and reliable contraceptive information."

Leading physicians are agreed that Birth Control Clinics should be an integral part of every obstetrical service. They should be established under the provisions of the Economic Security Act.

In the Autumn Issue of

The New Humanist

NATURE AND HUMANITY
John Dewey

SCIENCE AND DICTATORS
Maurice Visscher

HUMANISM AS RELIGIOUS INSTRUMENTALISM
Harold Scott

THE VIRTUES OF "LEARNING CURVES"
W. S. Taylor

THE SCOPE OF NATURAL SCIENCE
Roger W. Holmes

RACE AND NATIONALITY
M. Whitcomb Hess

LET US BE FREE
L. M. Pape

SOUTHERN JUSTICE
Charles Leanman

Free with each new subscription, any *one* of the following books postpaid: HUMANISM AND NEW WORLD IDEALS by Oliver L. Reiser; HUMANISM IN RELIGION EXAMINED by Robert J. Hutcheon; HUMANIST RELIGION by C. W. Reese.

Yearly $1.50 *Per Copy* 25c
Canadian and Foreign $1.75

Raymond B. Bragg, Editor
Edwin H. Wilson, Managing Editor

Published six times a year by

THE HUMANIST PRESS ASSOCIATION, Inc.

330 South Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois